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7^{am}—~~ack~~—S^{hepher}—d's

G H O S T :

BEING

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N E V V S

From t'other Side the
W O R L D.

In a Letter from *Newgate*, from
Brother *Will* to Brother *Jack*.



L O N D O N

Printed, and Sold by J. PETERS, near *West-*
minster. 1718.

7-3-42
GHOST

BEING
NEW
From the other side the
WORLD.

In a letter from
Brother Wm. to Brother Jack.



LONDON
Printed and Sold by J. PARRIS near WOL-
bridge, 1718.



J—S—d's

G H O S T, &c.

Dear Brother Jack,

AFTER having drank very hard
 in the Lodge last *Saturday* night,
 A and taken Two full Quarterns
 of Geneva up with me to my
 Apartment, the Turnkey ha-
 ving lockt us all up, and I having laid my
 Fetters in their due Position for my Rest,
 I

I drank the Two Cogues off, and went to sleep.

I had some tolerable Rest at first, for Three or Four Hours ; but in the dead of the Night, dreaming or waking, I cannot tell, I was surprized with a terrible Noise, as I thought, of opening all the Doors and Locks, and presently after with a great Light : Whether asleep, or awake, I tell thee again, I am not yet fully inform'd ; but staring about me, I certainly saw, or thought I did, a Person coming to me with a Candle in each Hand, burning exceeding bright.

His Aspect youthful and pleasant, his Habit grave, being in a kind of Robe down to his Feet, and a most glorious Lamp burning at some distance above his Head ; he walked gravely towards me, till coming very near, he call'd me by my Name, and asked me if I knew him.

I made no Answer, being in a great Consternation ; so he pass'd by me, and all the Doors opening before him, went quite away to the other side of the House. They say that strange Noises have been heard since that, and that he has talk'd to
some

some People ; but they refuse to tell what he said. I know *Jack* thou art a dreamer of Dreams ; I desire to know what the Meaning of all this is, and whether this be the Ghost of *J—— S——d*, or not ; for they say he walks.

I tell thee, they say he Walks, and my Fancy runs so much upon it, that he was, as it were, before my Eyes for two or three Days together ; which way soever I lookt, till at last I had this Vision, or Dream, or whatever you may call it, of him, I fancied I heard all the Prison in an Uproar, and all the Prisoners in a dreadful Fright : One said, *There he is* ; another cried, *Where, where ?* another said, *I see him now* ; another, *I see a thing, but it has no Shape*. One said, *He had no Arms* ; another said, *He was without a Head* ; a third cried out, *He has all his Limbs, and I see his Face, I know him very well*. One said, *Speak to him* ; another fell to his Prayers. At last one said to him, *J——, What art thou ?* at which he gave a stamp and vanish'd away ; and on a sudden I fancied I heard them cry out, that there was a terrible Noise below Stairs, and that he appear'd in the Condemn'd Hole, and thereabouts, to the Amazement, no question, of all that saw him.

But

But all this may be my fancy, *Jack*, and the Power of Imagination work'd up with the Fumes of Two Quarters of *Geneva*, which might represent strange Things, you know.

But here comes in *Tom Thorowgood*, who is at Liberty, and he tells us a strange Story of a Young Man, one of *J---*'s Companions, who had a Vision also, in which he has seen him, and says he has heard Two or Three long Discourses of an Apparition of his old Companion *J---*, and he says, That at first he fancied that he saw him in the Moon-shine on a clear Night, pointing up to a great House like a Prison, and talking only to himself ; that after this he thought he heard the Voice as if it were of some other Person talking to him, and asking and answering Questions of and to one another. What he said to himself, as *Tom* relates it, was to this Purpose :

‘ O *Newgate, Newgate*, Habitation of the
 ‘ Miserable, wherefore must I visit thee
 ‘ again ? Sad were my Hours in that place,
 ‘ and strong the Temptations which I un-
 ‘ derwent there. Thou *NEW GATE*,
 ‘ receptacle of the Wicked, and Sink of the
 ‘ Filth

‘ Filth of the Earth, wherefore was I
 ‘ lodg’d within thy Walls ? I had neither
 ‘ injur’d Man or Woman ; I was young
 ‘ in Years, and weak in Knowledge, inno-
 ‘ cent in Heart, and without Design ; but
 ‘ strong Impressions haunted my Soul, and
 ‘ I entred into Tribulation as other Men
 ‘ enter into their pleasant Gardens, by
 ‘ choice and for their Diversion.

‘ My young Head was filled with No-
 ‘ tions, my young Heart was fired with
 ‘ Zeal, and I sought out my own Destroy-
 ‘ ers ; I was my self the Destroyer of my
 ‘ Life : For none could have accused me :
 ‘ the Letter was burnt and destroyed, and
 ‘ I was thereby delivered, could I have
 ‘ satisfied my self to have let that Cause
 ‘ which I had Expoused suffer ; but the
 ‘ Impulse was great, too great to be resist-
 ‘ ed : It was fortify’d by the Advice of my
 ‘ Tutors and Instructors, and I could no
 ‘ more refrain from professing openly what
 ‘ my Heart contriv’d.

‘ I failed even in this, had I been really
 ‘ bent to perpetrate the bloody Fact. Why
 ‘ did I discover my self ? Why had I not
 ‘ rather supported my Resolution to the
 ‘ Fact, and then concealed the Design ?

B

Certainly

‘ Certainly there was not requir’d more resolution to commit the Fact, than has been
 ‘ requir’d to die for the Pretence of it.

And here a Voice interposes, and Discourses with him thus;

Whence comest thou, *wandering Spirit*?
 Art thou *J— S— d*, the Youth that
 with such desperate Courage dy’d for the
 Profession of Assassinating the King.

Ghost, Yes, I am he.

Voice, What then doest thou here.

Ghost, I come to Visit the Mansions of
 my Captivity, and to seek out some who
 I cannot be quiet till I find.

Voice, In what State art thou at this
 Time?

Ghost, Fool, that thou art, I am among
 the Dead.

Voice, I know thou art among the Dead,
 but art thou bless’d or miserable? What
 Fruit hast thou found of thy Suffering?
 Hast thou the same Opinion of the Cause
 for which thou wast put to Death as thou
 hadst before?

Ghost,

Ghost, Weak Man, *it is enough*, I am among the Dead, who tell no Tales, it is not permitted me to give any Account from those Regions, where I reside; we know Things unutterable, which none can know, till they have pass'd the Gulph of Death.

Voice, But what sayest thou of the Fact for which thou hast been put to Death?

Ghost, What said I upon my Trial.

Voice, Thou actedst there an astonishing Part; we think thee mad.

Ghost, No, no, I was not mad, as you mean, I was not Lunatick; but I was possess'd with Frenzies of a kind which you understand not.

Voice, Was it a Possession of an evil Spirit, or of a good?

Ghost, I have the Reward.

Voice, I doubt thou art not *J* —
S — *d*, but *the Devil*; for thou speakest in dark Oracles, as *Sathan* used to do when
 he

he was permitted to answer Questions of like Nature.

Ghost, Why then troublest thou me with Questions?

Voice, Why troublest thou us with an Apparition of thy self, after thou art departed?

Ghost, I seek thee not, let me alone.

Voice, But thou scarest Mankind, tell us what thou art?

Ghost, Am I not visible to thee, wherefore askest thou what I am?

Voice, We know that *J— S— d's* Body cut into Pieces, at the Gibbet, resteth in the Grave, in the Church-Yard, what then canst thou be who would be understood to be *J— S— d*? Avoid *Sathan*, thou art *the Devil*.

Ghost, *J— S— d* had a Soul as well as a Body?

Voice,

Voice, But how obtainest thou a Shape, supposing thee to be then his wandering Spirit?

Ghost, Souls cloathed but in Air, may represent a Body by the Assistance of Imaginary Sight also, tho' not really embody'd.

Voice, Shall I touch thee, and feel, if thou hast a real Body?

Ghost, At thy Peril.

Voice, I told thee thou hadst acted an astonishing Part here before thou wert Executed, and art thou now astonishing us again.

Ghost, It would be more astonishing if thou wert to know the Part I act since.

Voice, But art thou not permitted to give some light into it.

Ghost, Not the least Hint; Preaching from the Dead is absolutely deny'd.

Voice, But it would be very instructing.

Ghost,

Ghost, You have *Moses* and the *Prophets*.

Voice, But may we not know if killing the King be approv'd where you are? Shall we imitate thy Example?

Ghost, Thou shalt do no Murder.

Voice, Are they Whigs or Tories where you reside?

Ghost, Answer and Answer not.

Voice, Were you justly hang'd, or did you die a Martyr?

Ghost, I am Dead.

Voice, What Business have you here, if you will answer no Questions?

Ghost, I seek Rest.

Voice, What kind of Rest is it you want? And how can you seek Rest here, where you found none before you dy'd.

Ghost, Orme, Orme, Orme!

Voice,

(15)
Voice, Mr. Orme is in Custody for offici-
ating for you.

Ghost, He shall take up his Lodging in
this Place.

Voice, Shall he follow your Example to
the Gallows?

Ghost, He shall suffer Tribulation.

Voice, He is charg'd with making your
Treasonable Speech for you, and with get-
ting it Printed, and is in no small danger of
being Hang'd npon your Account.

Ghost, Orme come away, Orme come a-
way.

Voice, He's fast, he can't come to you;
you have no Power to fetch him out of Cu-
stody.

Ghost, More shall appear in this Cause.

Voice, Then more will be Hang'd for it.

Ghost, Woe, woe, woe.

Voice,

Voice, What mean you ? Can you bewail ? Is there Sense of Compassion beyond the Grave ?

Ghost, Woe, woe, woe.

Voice, To whom : To you that are gone, or to us that remain.

Here Silence interposes for some time.

At length, says this Story, the Ghost, as if obtaining License to speak, appears again, and giving three Stamps as with a Foot, he calls over innumerable Names of Persons ; at length speaks again thus ;

Pursue it no farther, it is a Mistake, a Delusion ; forbear O Young Man, and cast not away your selves ; for Life sacrificed in Folly is no acceptable Offering above.

After this the *Voice* speaks again :

I conjure thee, thou imaginary Shape, thou Delusion, thou Shadow of the Person, tell us what thou knowest of what has been done here by thee : Is the horrid Fact approved of in Heaven ? Or art thou in the State of those who die in Delusions ?

Ghost,

Ghost, I am permitted to tell thee no more than what thou mayest learn from the Instruction appointed for thee ; Heaven approves no wicked Action. What my State is, Enquire thou not.

Voice, But what is the Action for which thou hast died ? Was it wise or foolish ?

Ghost, Foolish beyond Expression.

Voice, And wicked also, I doubt not.

Ghost, Knowest thou for what I died ?

Voice, Yes very well ; for a Design to kill King George.

Ghost, Thou liest.

Voice, Did you not acknowledge that you intended to do so ?

Ghost, Then I lied.

Voice, And so you were Hanged for Lying, was you ?

Ghost, Perhaps.

C

Voice,

Voice, And very well you deserv'd it for being a Fool ; But what ailed you ?

Ghost, Infatuation.

Voice, Of what kind pray was the Cheat ?

Ghost, I was perswaded I should Merit Heaven by it.

Voice, Who could be so wicked ? Why do you not discover who they are ?

Ghost, They shall confess it in a short Time.

Voice, So that you profess to be wicked-er than you was.

Ghost, Much wicked-er.

Voice, By which no doubt you became as wicked as you profess.

Ghost, No doubt.

Voice, Have you repented of it ?

Ghost, Atheist ! What Repent after Death !

Voice,

Voice, Well if you died in a wicked Condition, did not Repent before Death, and cannot Repent after, we know your State without farther Enquiry.

Ghost, The first wise Thing you have spoken : Go on.

Voice, What Business have you here ? What disquiets you ?

Ghost, Have they not Published a Thing they call my Speech ?

Voice, No, 'tis Treason, the Government has suppress it.

Ghost, But is it not Published in Print ? Haft thou not seen it ?

Voice, Yes I have seen it.

Ghost, Is not my Name at the bottom of it ?

Voice, Yes it is at full length.

Ghost, I must strike it out.

Voice, Why, did you not sign it in your Life-time ?

Ghost, Unwillingly, unknowingly.

Voice, Did you not deliver it with your own Hand to the Sheriff ?

Ghost, I delivered a Paper.

Voice, Was it not the same they have now published ?

Ghost, Suppose it.

Voice, Who drew it up for you ?

Ghost, They that will repent it.

Voice, Can you not tell us their Names ?

Ghost, Traytor ! Would you bear Witness from a Ghost ?

Voice, What would you have done with that Paper now ?

Ghost, When you are my Counsellor you shall know.

Voice,

Voice, You had bad Counsel once.

Ghost, I want no Counsel now.

Voice, Nor I any farther talk with you :
Avoid Satan.

After this long Discourse the young Man it seems heard no more of him for a great while ; but *Tom Thorowgood* says, he has been told, there has been more Conversation between them since, and I expect to hear farther next Time I see him.

Upon the whole, Brother *Jack*, if this Story be true, poor *S — — — d* does not find Things according to his Expectation in t'other World, and so we had best consider of it before we go any farther ; for this entring into State-Matters is a strain a little out of the way for young Lads of Seventeen or Eighteen Years old ; and as for the old Dons that talk so high about it, I do not see but that they play all behind the Curtain ; for themselves they do not care to write, and sign, and stand to Things as *J — — — S — — — d* did : And I am apt to think if *J — — —* could return hither again, he would hardly act the same part
over

over again. But it seems the sullen Ghost would tell nothing of all he knows. If I had seen him my self as plain as I dreamed of him, I would certainly have gotten more out of him than this Boy has done. In the meantime, when I have an account of their next Meeting, you shall hear farther.

After this long Discourse the young Man it seems heard no more of him for a great while; but Tom Thorowgood, says, he has been told, there has been more Conversation between them since, and I expect to hear farther next Time I see him.

~~Upon the whole, Brother Jack, if this~~
~~Story be true, poor I~~ — does not
 find Things according to his Expectation in
 another World, and so we had best consider
 of it before we go any farther; for this
 cutting into State-Matters is a strain a little
 out of the way for young Lads of seven-
 teen or eighteen Years old; and as for
 the old Dons that talk so high about it, I
 don't see but that they play all behind the
 Curtain; for themselves they do not care
 to write, and sign, and stand to Things as
 I — I did; And I am apt
 to think that — could return hither a-
 gain, he would hardly act the same part
 over.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE Reader of this Paper is desired to consider, That the Publisher being something of an Infidel in Matters of Apparitions, in general, has not taken upon him to make any Explanations of the Particulars ; for who shall make Remarks upon the Words of the D.... ?

But he says, That whether *J*———
S———*d*'s Ghost appeared, or no ; or whether Brother *Will*'s Account of Things were a Dream, or a Vision : Nay, if the whole Story should be a Dream, the Moral is Good, and is recommended to every Reader : (*Viz.*) That Treason is a thing a little remote to Lads of Seventeen Years of Age, above their Capacity, and quite out of their way.

Nay,

Nay, Suppose it an Apparition, or a Dream of an Apparition, the Case is the same: It is my Opinion indeed, That all Apparition is a Dream; but be that as it will, and as the Readers please to take it, the Improvement of the Story is still the same, and lies very visible in the Relation; let every one take the Hint for himself.

Your humble Servant

The Publisher.

F I N I S.

